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MARLOWE

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

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MARLOWE

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

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To E. L. W.

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¶ The text adopted is Sir A. W. Ward's reading of the 1604 Quarto (as given in his *Old English Drama: Select Plays.* Oxford, 1878) with his modernization of the spelling and with his reasoned minimum of emendation and omission. It is here reprinted by permission of his daughter, Mrs A. C. T. Barnes, and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

INTRODUCTION

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593) was one of the four greater "University Wits," his tragically short career as a dramatist concluding some three years after Shakespeare's began, and covering seven crowded years, in which he made momentous and revolutionary contributions to English drama, for he gave us genuine blank verse and our first great history play, and founded romantic tragedy—noble achievements for one who died at the age of twenty-nine.

Marlowe was a rebel and a pioneer. His first gesture as a playwright was to raise the standard of revolt against the convention of writing plays in rhyme and against the "clownage" of popular comedy. He seized upon blank verse as the ideal medium for drama. Blank verse was introduced into England by the Earl of Surrey, who used it in his translation of the second and fourth books of the *Aeneid* (*c.* 1540). The first to use it in tragedy was Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, whose *Gorboduc* (1561) was written in blank verse. These two wrote for a limited public of courtiers and scholars, and their blank verse—intended perhaps as a compromise between English and classical metres—was wooden and monotonous. Marlowe popularized the newly-invented instrument, and, thanks to high poetic artistry and the "fine frenzy" of real poetic genius, made it respond to every note in the scale of human passion. He gave it such naturalness, such ethereal beauty and suppleness, that it quickly established itself as the perfect metre for English poetic drama. Scorning the "jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits," he at first made use of "high astounding terms" to compensate for the loss of rhyme, and this led him often into bombast—the "furious vociferation" with which Ben Jonson charges him; but this was on the whole a passing phase: at its best

his verse prophesies Milton, "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies," and attains sublimity.

He was the founder of genuine romantic tragedy, as regards both plot and character. Before him, the characters of plays had too often been mere lifeless puppets: Marlowe informed his central characters and the whole of his dialogue with life and passion. He was an admirer of Machiavelli, whose ideal, as understood by that age, was the superman, who, having decided what his goal is to be, presses on to it regardless of scruples of conscience. Such is the hero of both parts of *Tamburlaine*, who seeks to conquer the world, trampling humanity mercilessly beneath him in his resistless course. Such is Faustus, whose ideal is boundless and lawless knowledge for the sake of universal power; such is Barabas, in *The Jew of Malta*, revelling first in his prodigious wealth and then in the very ecstasy of revenge on those who had deprived him of it; such are Mortimer, in *Edward the Second*, and the Guise, in the *Massacre at Paris*, both monsters of unscrupulous ambition and resolution. One character dominates the stage throughout in Marlowe's plays. The task of the tragedian Edward Alleyn—who created the part of Tamburlaine—must have been appallingly difficult.

A necessary effect of this quality in Marlowe is that the other characters, vividly drawn as some of them are, tend to be dwarfed; and that, as the masculine element predominates, the feminine characters become mere foils to it. A possible exception is Dido, but she has some of the masculine traits of Marlowe's hero-villains. The very insignificance of the minor characters, however, serves as an effective contrast, throwing the major characters into high relief.

The ardour and passion which inspire Marlowe's plays partly account for the absence of true humour. He lived and thought too strenuously to have time or place for this, except when he went to extremes and indulged in, or at any rate tolerated, that same "clownishness" which he had set out deliberately to exclude from his work. His over-seriousness, on the other hand, led him into

unconscious humour, as in the famous scene of the king-drawn chariot in *Tamburlaine*, at which his fellow-playwrights laughed so heartily. It has to be admitted that Marlowe is sometimes perilously near taking the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous, if he does not actually take it. It may have been his consciousness of a lack of humour that led him (as in *Faustus*) to seek collaborators who could supply this ingredient, so essential to an Elizabethan audience.

Marlowe gave us our first great history play, *Edward the Second*, as distinguished from the mere "chronicles," which had consisted of a loosely-joined succession of scenes. The question of Marlowe's influence on Shakespeare is one that could only be dealt with adequately in many pages; and more cannot be said here than that had *Edward the Second* not been written we might not have had Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*; that the Machiavellian picture which Shakespeare gives us of Richard the Third is probably due to Marlowe's influence; that the latter's *Jew of Malta* explains much of the characters of Shylock and Jessica in the *Merchant of Venice*; and that many echoes of Marlowe's thought and music are heard throughout Shakespeare's plays.

Both internal and external evidence show that *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* was probably written and first acted in 1588, and probably first published in 1601, but the first edition extant is the Quarto of 1604. None of Marlowe's plays has come down to us unmangled, this least of all. The 1604 Quarto was several times reprinted. Then came a new version of the play, the 1616 Quarto and its revises: it is about half as large again as the Quarto of 1604, but of the extensive additions only a small fraction can have been Marlowe's work.

The world-old tale embodying the belief that almost the only condition on which a mortal man can obtain supernatural power is by selling his soul to the devil culminated in the sixteenth century in the legends which crystallized round Doctor Faustus, a real person who lived about 1500–1545. This wandering scholar made himself

notorious as a necromancer, braggart, and super-quack, who cynically abandoned the disinterested pursuit of knowledge in favour of its worldly exploitation, with some temporary success but—it was believed—with final disaster. After his death, his adventures, real and supposed (for stories belonging to "magicians" who lived long before him were fathered upon him), were detailed in the famous *Faustbuch*, published at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1587. It was translated into English almost immediately, but the only edition extant is a later one, with the title: *The Historie of the damnable life and deserved death of Doctor John Faustus. Newly imprinted and in convenient places impertinent matters amended: according to the true copie printed at Franckfort and translated into English by P. F. Gent.* [i.e. "Gentleman"] 1592. Marlowe must have taken his material either from an early edition or from the manuscript translation, for it is certain that he used the English version,—he may have had the German edition as well. Marlowe has the distinction of being probably the first in any country to see the dramatic possibilities of this striking story, which was destined in Germany to start a long series of Faustus plays—many of them tinged with low comedy—until Goethe gave us its perfect serious expression in *Faust*, which in its turn was to inspire great painters and composers. Marlowe's play was not the model for Goethe's drama: the two works have little more than the subject-matter of Marlowe's first scene in common, but both derive from the *Faustbuch*.

Marlowe's play follows the *Faustbuch* closely only in the general theme and in the low comedy scenes. The latter were probably by Dekker: at any rate it is Dekker's humour at its worst and at its best. Marlowe idealizes the character of Dr Faustus, the serious scenes of the play being a sublimation of the vulgar sensationalism of the original. The serious and the comic scenes together form such an incongruous alternation as would have served Victor Hugo as an extreme illustration—had he sought one—of his theory that romantic literature is characterized

by the presence of the sublime and the grotesque side by side. But the evil spirits in Marlowe's work are no longer the grotesque gargoyle-types in which mediaeval architecture and the Mystery, Miracle, and Morality plays loved to embody them: Mephistophilis and Lucifer are fallen angels, conceived in the spirit of Milton, for in this play, Marlowe, like Gray's Milton,

> rode sublime
> Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
> The secrets of the Abyss to spy.

Doctor Faustus marks a distinct advance on *Tamburlaine*. The characters are more life-like; the hero and the minor characters are less sharply contrasted. The verse is quieter and sweeter. In the sombre dialogues between Faustus and Mephistophilis there is an almost Aeschylean austerity and reticence, well suiting the tremendous theme. The barbaric cymbal-clash and drum-beat which perhaps befitted *Tamburlaine* would have been out of place here. In *Faustus* (as also in *Edward the Second* and, in a lower degree, in *The Jew of Malta*) there is also a deeper conception of tragedy: there is something of the Shakespearean demonstration that evil deeds "return to plague the inventor," and there is a sense of the interplay of character and circumstance. In inspiring awe and terror in the beholder the play fulfils one of the true functions of tragedy. The play thrills us because there is something of the "desire of the moth for the star," of Faustus's desire to conquer human limitations, in all of us, and we are fascinated by the audacity with which he persists in his desperate courses.

Technically, *Edward the Second* is Marlowe's best play. It embodies a historic sequence of events, skilfully welded into an organic whole. *Faustus* is a phantasmagoria, a series of heterogeneous scenes strung loosely together, and having little more unity than a string of beads has. The action is spread over twenty-four years—the time destined to elapse between Faustus's signature of the bond which was to deliver his soul to the devil and

the fulfilment of that bond in the supreme last scene of the play, a scene of such tragic intensity that it is unsurpassed even in Shakespeare.

Doctor Faustus is Marlowe's greatest play, undoubtedly, but its greatness lies rather in single scenes and in its general suggestion or promise of greatness than in what it actually is. In some sense Goethe's famous remark, "How greatly is it all planned!" is true, but the play is little more than a framework, and the scenes attributed to Marlowe alone could not possibly have sustained a whole play. It cannot be said for certain that the comic parts are entirely due to Dekker. No play would have satisfied the Elizabethan "groundlings" unless it had some comic relief. Some of this may therefore be due to Marlowe's desire to please an audience which we know to have been exacting in such matters, and it may be due partly to a desire to adhere to the original.

Rebel and pioneer though he was, Marlowe is yet a product of his own age, as revolutionaries always are. His works form a natural landmark in English literature. The introduction of the Good and Bad Angels, of the minor devils, and of the Seven Deadly Sins in *Faustus* links him with the drama of the later Middle Ages. Faustus's inexhaustible thirst for knowledge, the worship of beauty, the passion for the classics, visible throughout Marlowe's work, his scepticism, his interest in sorcery and magic, his admiration for Machiavelli and for superhuman ambition and will in the pursuit of ideals of beauty or power, or whatever they may be, prove the author to be a man of the Renaissance. His revolutionary dramatic practice foreshadows a new epoch in English drama.

We cannot say on what lines his genius would have developed had he lived. He seldom re-attained the majesty of *Faustus*, but his work does as a whole show definite progress in all its elements—verse, plot, character, and dialogue. His central characters come down to the level of ordinary human beings. There are fewer of those long tirades which fill so much of *Tamburlaine*:

the dialogue is more evenly distributed between the characters. The plots of *Edward the Second* and *The Jew of Malta* are admirably constructed. The lyrical and oratorical aspects of his genius become more and more subordinated to the dramatic. Yet full as his plays are of memorable scenes and haunting passages, he would never have equalled Shakespeare, whose calm-eyed moral vision and whose universality Marlowe lacked.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Dramatis Personæ

THE POPE.
CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.
FAUSTUS.
VALDES, } *friends to* FAUSTUS.
CORNELIUS, }
WAGNER, *servant to* FAUSTUS.
Clown.
ROBIN.
RALPH.
Vintner.
Horse-courser.
A Knight.
An Old Man.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.
DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.
MEPHISTOPHILIS.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour, and of HELEN.

Chorus.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY
OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love;
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits. [*Exit.*

Scene I. Faustus's Study.

FAUSTUS *discovered.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:*
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be etérniz'd for some wondrous cure!
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas:
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desp'rate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [*Reads.*
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc.
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
Exhaereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. [*Reads.*
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, etc.*
The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [*Reads.*
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas:
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us.
Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera:*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity!

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,

And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.
E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
[*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desp'rate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all our provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference!
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;

Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.
Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.
Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.
Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowm'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid

Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?
Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.
Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.
Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.
Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Before FAUSTUS'S House.

Enter Two Scholars.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we know; for see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon 't: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on 't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale*? and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, it would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Grove.

Enter FAUSTUS *to conjure.*

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,

Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—
Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris: per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.
[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjurer laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *like a Franciscan friar.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?
Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or th' ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.
Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.
Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.
Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word 'damnation' terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?
Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.
Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?
Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.
Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damn'd?
Meph. In hell.
Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?
Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desp'rate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. *Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emp'ror of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emp'ror shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

Scene IV. A Street.

Enter WAGNER *and* Clown.

Wag. Sirrah boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have: boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend: by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus*?

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

Clown. How, how, knaves-acre! ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do ye hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.

Clown. Oho, oho, staves-acre! why, then, belike, if I were your man, I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

Clown. Gridirons, what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away.—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils: say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? 'Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop? he has killed the devil.' So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils; *and the* Clown *runs up and down crying.*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away!

[*Exeunt* Devils.

Clown. What, are they gone? a vengeance on them! they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil: I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to any thing, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat! no, no, sir; if you turn me into any thing, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord, I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere.* [*Exit.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him; I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. FAUSTUS'S Study.

FAUSTUS *discovered.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
'Abjure this magic, turn to God again!'
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?
Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.
Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord?
Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.
Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?
Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*
Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?
Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.
Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
Faust. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.
Faust. Ay, so I will [*Writes*]. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.
Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*
Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals.*

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.
Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*
Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*
Faust. Consummatum est; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge: whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.
Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.
[*Aside, and then exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Devils, *who give crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?
Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.
Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?
Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.
Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.
Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!
Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads.*
On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever [*he desires*]. *Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me,* JOHN FAUSTUS.
Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?
Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!
Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.
Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?
Meph. Under the heavens.
Faust. Ay, but whereabout?
Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.
Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.
Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.
Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.
Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary;
For I am damnèd, and am now in hell.
Faust. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:
What! walking, disputing, etc.
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany.
Meph. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.
Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one; for I will have one.
Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* Devil *drest like a* Woman, *with fire-works.*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?
Faust. A plague on her!
Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives book.*
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*

SCENE VI. In the House of FAUSTUS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
'Faustus, thou art damn'd!' Then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*?

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a

year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Re-enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Ay, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have int'rest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?
Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.
Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!
Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,
And of his dam too.
Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.
Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to shew thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.
Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.
Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.
Faust. What art thou, the first?
Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon a wench's brow; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips. But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.
Faust. What art thou, the second?
Covet. I am Covetousness; and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest, O my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, born of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was born on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who, I, sir? The first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

Luc. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the* Sins.] Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistophilis.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. The POPE'S Privy-chamber.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenchèd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,

We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents;
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one cómplete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,
Which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake

Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *charms him.*

Meph. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter the POPE *and the* CARDINAL OF LORRAINE *to the banquet, with* Friars *attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, will't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

Pope. How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What, again?—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace. [*Snatches the cup.*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself.*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again.*

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;
I give you fair warning.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again, and* FAUSTUS *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the Friars *to sing the Dirge.*

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS *beat the* Friars, *and fling fire-works among them; and so exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learnèd skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see['t] perform'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. Near an Inn.

Enter ROBIN *the Ostler, with a book in his hand.*

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring-books, and, i'faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use.

Enter RALPH, *calling* ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst not read?

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tavern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid,—

Ralph. O, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph; let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. The Same.

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph: did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *Ecce, signum!* here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers: our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter Vintner.

Drawer, I hope all is paid; God be with you!—Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and you are but a, etc. I a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour. [*Searches*

Robin. How say you now? ROBIN.

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [Vintner *searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

Ralph. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [*Aside*].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to* RALPH].

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book*] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to* RALPH].—[*Reads*] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, etc.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.*

Vint. O, nomine Domine! what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. Peccatum peccatorum!—Here's thy goblet, good Vintner. [*Gives the goblet to* Vintner, *who exit.*

Robin. Misericordia pro nobis! what shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms!
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone. [*Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X. The Emperor's Court at Innsbruck.

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, *and a* Knight, *with* Attendants, *among whom* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall

Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir; but, when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone.

[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone.

[*Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Spirits *in the shapes of* ALEXANDER *and his* Paramour.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

[*Exeunt* Spirits.

Faust. Will't please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit* Attendant.

Re-enter the Knight *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS *removes the horns.*]—Now,

my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, Knight, *and* Attendants.

SCENE XI. A Green; afterwards the House of FAUSTUS.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horse-back or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-courser.

Horse-c. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

Horse-c. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so. If thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-c. Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money [Horse-courser *gives* FAUSTUS *the money*]: my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

Horse-c. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-c. Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever: I'll not leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel [*Aside*].—Well, God b'wi'ye, sir: your boy will deliver him me: but, hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, you'll tell me what it is?

Faust. Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? [*Exit* Horse-courser.

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter Horse-courser, *all wet, crying.*

Horse-c. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha? mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, heypass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

Horse-c. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

Horse-c. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-c. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-c. Ay, this is he.—God save ye, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-c. So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [*Holla's in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* FAUSTUS *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers!—My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-c. O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more!

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-c. I have none about me: come to my ostry, and I'll give them you.

Meph. Be gone quickly. [Horse-courser *runs away.*

Faust. What, is he gone? farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour: well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. The Court of the DUKE OF VANHOLT.

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, *the* DUCHESS, *and* FAUSTUS.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here they be, madam: will't please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see.—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. A Room in the House of FAUSTUS.

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinketh, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended.

Enter FAUSTUS *with two or three* Scholars, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautiful'st in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and* HELEN *passeth over the stage.*

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.
First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!
Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.
[*Exeunt* Scholars *and* WAGNER.

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.
Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, 'Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come';
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*
Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desp'rate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.
Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*

Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

[FAUSTUS *stabs his arm, and writes on a paper with his blood.*

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flees!—

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Old Man.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.
[*Exeunt,—on one side* Devils, *on the other* Old Man.

Scene XIV. The Same.

Enter FAUSTUS, *with* Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever,—hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul—O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.—*The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon lab'ring clouds,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!
[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
[*Thunder and lightning.*

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt* Devils *with* FAUSTUS.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Pope. He probably does not represent any real person, but merely typifies the Papacy from the Protestant point of view. Six popes wore the tiara during the life of the real Faustus, one of them being Adrian VI, tutor of Charles V, both of whom are mentioned in the 1616 Quarto of the play. The Pope at the time when the play was written was Sixtus V.

Cardinal of Lorraine. He was a member of the Guise family which became notorious in the Massacre of St Bartholomew (1572); hence, probably, Marlowe seized this opportunity for pillorying him.

The Emperor of Germany. Charles V of Spain, who reigned as Holy Roman Emperor from 1519 to 1556.

Duke of Vanholt. A mistake for Anhalt. According to the *Faustbuch*, Faustus stayed at the house of the Count whose title was attached to this name.

Faustus. See Introduction.

Valdes. It is uncertain who this person was—perhaps Juan de Valdès, a Spaniard persecuted for alleged Protestant tendencies. He was a brother of Charles V's secretary.

Cornelius. The same person as the Agrippa of the same scene. Cornelius Agrippa was said to have been a friend of the real Faustus. He was a writer on magic, a correspondent of Erasmus, and held public positions of European importance. He suffered persecution for Protestant tendencies. Born at Cologne in 1486, he died at Grenoble in 1535.

Wagner. Faustus's 'famulus' or servant. He was the 'hero' of the *Wagnerbuch*, a sequel, the magical adventures described in which show that he successfully imitated his master's pursuits.

Clown. In accordance with the common Elizabethan practice, this personage is introduced for the purpose of providing comic relief and because every company of actors included a professional clown.

Lucifer. The chief of the infernal powers. The name means 'light-bringer.' He is elsewhere called 'Prince of the East.' He led the rebellion in Heaven which caused his fall. He was reputed the most beautiful of all the angels.

Belzebub. A pagan deity of the Old Testament. Faustus calls him 'Prince of the East' (Sc. iii), but he was really prince of the North. The name means 'god of flies,' the locality in Palestine where he was worshipped being peculiarly subject to plagues of that insect.

Mephistophilis. Seventeenth-century writers on magic treat him as of high but subordinate rank in the infernal hierarchy, Lucifer's deputy and chief assistant, and such he is in this play. The origin of the name is unknown.

Good Angel, Evil Angel. These characters derive from the 'Morality' plays of the Middle Ages and do not appear in the *Faustbuch*.

The Seven Deadly Sins. Allegorical figures familiar in the Middle Ages, but not mentioned in the *Faustbuch*. They are mentioned in Wycliffe, Chaucer, Langland, as well as in mediaeval 'Mystery' and 'Morality' plays, and frequently in Elizabethan literature.

Alexander the Great. Alexander of Macedon, 356–323 B.C., the Greek Napoleon. **His paramour.** Marlowe probably means Roxane, whom Alexander married after his conquest of Darius.

Helen. Wife of Menelaus, whose forcible seizure by Paris, son of the Trojan King, led to the siege of Troy, described in the *Iliad*. A tradition used by Euripides, however, held that it was not the real Helen who was carried off from Greece, but only a 'shadow.'

Chorus. Borrowed from classical drama, the 'Chorus' became, in Elizabethan plays, merely the actor who served as mouthpiece for the author's running comments on the events of the play, and especially for the events which were not represented on the stage.

CHORUS

1 **Thrasimene.** The first six lines are probably a symbolical reference to Marlowe's first plays, the two parts of *Tamburlaine*, which correspond fairly well to the description here given. At the battle of the Lake Trasimene (217 B.C.), Hannibal routed the Roman army, capturing or destroying the whole of it.

2 **mate.** Defeat? (the usual meaning; cf. 'check-mate') or befriend?—it is uncertain which Marlowe meant, probably the former, but if so Marlowe's memory was sadly at fault, since it was the Carthaginians who defeated the Romans.

9 **appeal our plaud.** Call for our applause.

12 **Rhodes.** Roda, in Saxe-Altenburg.

13 **Wittenberg.** The original 1604 Quarto has Wertenberg, but the confusion with the duchy of Württemberg is obvious. Wittenberg, founded 1502, was the university of Luther (and of Hamlet).

14 **Whereas.** Where.

16 **The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd.** Either 'the fruitful garden adorned by scholarship' or 'the fruitful garden of scholarship having been adorned by him.' The repetition of 'grac'd' in the next line is characteristic, not only of Marlowe, but of the age, which rejoiced in these word-plays and puns.

20 **cunning.** Knowledge. The modern use is an example of degradation of meaning.

25 **necromancy.** A form of spiritualism, being the calling up of the spirits of the dead for the purpose of foretelling the future. A worse form of it, described in the old treatises on the 'black art,' consisted of actually re-animating the bodies of the dead.

SCENE I

3 **commenc'd.** Here, it means 'taken the degree of doctor'; nowadays it is used only in reference to taking one's B.A.

4 **level.** Aim.

the end of every art. Magic. Cp. lines 48, 49.

5–8 **Logic,** the subject of Aristotle's *Analytics*, was one of the seven main subjects of the university curriculum in the Middle Ages.

7 *Bene . . . logices.* 'Skill in arguing is logic's aim.'

12 **Economy.** Another of the subjects treated by Aristotle, but he uses it, not in the sense of 'philosophy,' as it seems to mean here, but in its usual old meaning of 'domestic management.' Perhaps Marlowe had at the back of his mind the idea that anything by the great Greek philosopher was worth studying.

Galen. Author of the chief text-book for medical students of the Middle Ages and later times. Chaucer, in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, tells us that Galen was one of the medical writers with whose works the 'Doctour of Phisyk' was familiar. Galen was born in 130 A.D. in Asia Minor.

13 *Ubi... medicus.* Probably a Latin translation of an Aristotelian maxim: 'The physician begins where the philosopher leaves off.'

15 **eterniz'd.** Immortalized.

16 *Summum... sanitas.* 'The highest object of medicine is health.'

19 **found aphorisms.** I.e., looked upon as principles such as those stated in the famous medical 'anthology' of Hippocrates, the title of whose book is *Aphorisms*.

20 **bills.** Probably the advertisements in which a wandering physician or quack announced his arrival or his remedies.

hung up as monuments. I.e., as being worthy of perpetual preservation as records of a famous man.

27 **Justinian.** The Byzantine Emperor (527–565), under whose auspices Roman Law was codified in the *Institutes*, the *Digest*, and other works, under the direction of Tribonian. These books are still used as text-books by students of law.

28, 29 *Si... rei.* 'If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two persons, the one shall take the thing and the other its value.' The *Institutes* say that the 'thing' shall be divided between the two, but the *Digest* states that the first of several claimants to a legacy shall in doubtful cases choose whether he shall take the 'thing' or its value, the other claimants having no choice.

31 *Exhaereditare... nisi,* etc. 'A father cannot disinherit a son unless, etc.'

32 **institute.** One of the principles laid down in Justinian's *Institutiones*, an elementary treatise on Roman Law.

38 **Jerome's Bible.** Most of the Vulgate (the Latin translation of the Bible) was the work of St Jerome (*c.* 340–420 A.D.)

39 *Stipendium... est.* 'The wages of sin is death.' Romans vi, 23.

41 *Si... veritas.* First Epistle of St John, i, 8. The next sentence of the play accurately translates it.

46 *Che sera, sera.* Italian, the modern form being 'Che sarà sarà,' 'What will be will be,' the modern English equivalent of the Elizabethan 'What will be shall be' of Marlowe's next line.

50 **Lines... characters.** The magic formulae, hieroglyphics, designs, etc., which formed part of the magician's stock-in-trade.

54 **artizan.** Another example of degradation of meaning. It now means 'mechanic,' but till about 1700 it meant 'artist.'

55 **quiet poles.** The motion of the earth at its poles is relatively less than at the Equator.

59 **his dominion that exceeds in this.** The power of that man who excels in the art of magic.

62 **a deity**. The godlike powers of a magician.

67 **conference.** Conversation.

72 **that.** The treatise on magic which Faustus was reading.

75 **Jove.** Probably a confusion typical of the Revival of Learning, between 'Jove' and the Hebrew name of God, 'Jehovah.' Cp. note to Sc. vii, lines 44, 45 and Sc. xiii, line 23.

76 **these elements.** 'These' was often used for 'the,' just as the French still say 'ces dames'—'these ladies'—where we should say 'the ladies.'

77 **glutted with conceit of this.** 'Tired of merely imagining myself to have attained this power.' One of Chaucer's followers described him as 'that conceited clerk,' i.e., 'that imaginative writer.'

79 **Resolve me.** Inform me, or satisfy me.

82 **orient.** Bright, radiant, like the east at sunrise.

83 **the new-found world.** America. Cp. 'Newfoundland.'

84 **delicates.** Delicacies.

87 **wall... with brass.** Such was the design attributed to Roger Bacon (*c.* 1214–1294) in *The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon* (*c.* 1580), the Elizabethan story-book which provided Greene with the material for his play, *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (*c.* 1592), in which the same design is twice mentioned.

88 **Rhine.** This would indeed be a remarkable feat, since Wittenberg is on the Elbe.

89 **the public schools.** 'Schools' is still used of university lecture-rooms, as well as of the subjects of the university curricula.

92 **Parma.** The Prince of Parma was the Spanish Governor of the Netherlands, which formed part of the Empire ('our land') till 1648. Marlowe mixes up the age of Faustus with his own times, as also in introducing the Cardinal Lorraine.

95 **the fiery keel.** Refers to a famous episode in the siege of Antwerp (1584–5), when the Dutch admiral sent a 'demon fire-ship,' a sort of floating volcano, against Parma's bridge over the Scheldt, making a breach in it and nearly destroying it.

103 **object.** 'External suggestion,' or possibly 'objection.'

112 **Gravell'd.** 'Stranded,' i.e., brought to a full stop, puzzled.

113 **flowering pride.** The most brilliant students.

115 **Musaeus.** One of the happy crowd addressed by the Sybil in the lower regions (Virgil's *Aeneid*, vi, 666–7). Musaeus, sometimes called the scholar or son of Orpheus, was a semi-mythical poet who wrote on magic rites in ancient Greece, 600 B.C.

116 **Agrippa.** Cornelius Agrippa. (Marlowe speaks of Cornelius and Agrippa in this scene as if they were two persons instead of one and the same.)

117 **shadows.** Agrippa was reputed a magician who practised 'sciomancy,' the calling up of shadows. (Cp. the 'show of kings' called up by the witches in *Macbeth*.)

120 **Indian Moors.** 'Moors' are, strictly speaking, inhabitants of Morocco, but Marlowe here means 'Red Indians.'

121 **subjects.** Spirits.

123 **Like lions.** Spirits were supposed to be able to assume the form of animals. In the *Faustbuch* Dr Faustus's familiar spirit takes the form of a dog, and Beelzebub becomes a weird combination of several animals,—ox, dragon, hog, etc.

124 **Almain rutters.** German horsemen (Fr. *allemand* + *rêtre*, a corruption of the German *Reiter*, 'horseman' or 'rider').

staves. Lances.

125 **Lapland.** In Elizabethan times Lapland was spoken of as a land of monsters and witches.

130 **the golden fleece.** An allusion both to the great Spanish order of nobility and to the plate-fleet which yearly conveyed the treasures of Spanish America to Spain, and which was for so long the coveted spoil of the English 'buccaneers of the Spanish Main.' There is also a reference to the Golden Fleece brought by Jason and the Argonauts from Colchis—a prize for which all the chivalry of Greece had been eager to go a-voyaging.

134 **object.** Raise the objection that Faustus may fail in resolution.

138 **tongues.** Especially Latin, the language used in Faustus's conjurations. Cp. *Hamlet*, I, i, 42: 'Thou art a scholar: speak to it, Horatio.' It was probably through its association with the Church that Latin was, in the Middle Ages, regarded as the essential medium of communication with the spirit-world.

well seen in minerals. Skilled in chemistry, especially in alchemy, whose object was the transmutation of base metals into gold.

140 **renowm'd.** The old spelling of 'renowned' (Old French *renoumé*).

145 **all the wealth.** In the *Faustbuch*, the Doctor does discover such a treasure, guarded, like the hordes in many Teutonic legends, by a 'worm,' i.e., dragon.

153 **wise Bacon.** Roger Bacon, the famous Franciscan scholar and scientist of the Middle Ages. Cf. note on line 87.

Albanus. Marlowe may be referring to Pietro d'Abano (*c.* 1250–1316), an Italian alchemist to whom a work on magic is attributed. He was nearly condemned to death by the Inquisition. More probably, Marlowe meant Albertus Magnus (1193–1280), a famous German Dominican scholar. He was credited with magic powers, but was nevertheless canonized by the Church.

154 **The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament.** Both were used in incantations.

157 **the words of art.** The technical terms needed in incantations.

163 **canvass.** Sift. **quiddity.** Essential detail. It was a term used in the scholastic disputations of the Middle Ages.

SCENE II

2 *sic probo.* 'Thus I prove': a common expression in the public disputations of mediaeval universities.

11 **That follows not.** It is not a necessary conclusion. Wagner, the Doctor's student-assistant, jestingly applies the formal style of university 'wranglings' to ordinary friendly conversation.

12 **licentiate.** Equivalent to 'B.A.,' as in France to-day.

17 **Ask my fellow,** etc. My companion is probably as bad as myself, if I am a thief; that is, a friend's evidence is worthless.

21 *corpus naturale . . . mobile.* A body natural or able to move. Current terms from scholastic treatises on Physics.

24 **place of execution.** A double meaning, one of which is the dining-room, where eatables are 'executed.'

26 **set my countenance,** etc. Put on the solemn expression of a Puritan.

38 **the Rector.** In England the working head of a university is usually called Vice-Chancellor.

SCENE III

2 **Orion's drizzling look.** This constellation is particularly prominent in the winter sky.

4 **welkin.** Sky. Cp. German *Wolken,* clouds.

6 **hest.** Behest, command.

9 **anagrammatiz'd.** Transposing the letters of the name of God, so as to form new words, or 'anagrams,' played a conspicuous part in magical incantations.

11 **every adjunct.** Every heavenly body which forms part of the universe.

12 **characters of signs.** The conventional astrological and astronomical symbols of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Erring stars. Planets. (Gk. πλανήτης, wandering.)

16–23 *Sint mihi . . . surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis.* 'May the gods of Acheron be favourable to us! May the triple godship of Jehovah prevail! Ye spirits of fire, air, and water, all hail! Belzebub, Prince of the East, monarch of burning Hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate you, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise . . . Why dost thou delay(?)

By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which I now pour out, and by the sign of the Cross which I now make, and by our prayers, may the said Mephistophilis now himself ascend unto us!'

Acheron. One of the rivers of the lower world, used here as the name of that lower world. **Demogorgon.** One of the most evil of evil spirits. His name is of unknown origin. In Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* he symbolizes eternity. *Quod tumeraris.* This makes no sense. A suggested emendation is *Quid tu moraris?* 'Why dost thou delay?' which fits in well with the rest of the incantation. **Gehenna.** The Jewish Hell.

26 **Franciscan friar.** The Protestants, with the exception of Shakespeare, whose monkish personages are either admirable or at least neutral personages, looked upon the monastic orders as embodying all that was bad in the Roman Church. It is worth noting that an old German name for the devil was 'Graumann' or 'Greyman,' and the Franciscans were called 'Grey Friars' from the colour of their habit. In story-books of the Reformation time, the devil was often represented in the garb of a monk.

33 **conjurer laureat.** Cp. 'poet laureate,' this being originally the title of a university degree. (Needless to say, there was no university degree in magic!)

35 *Quin... imagine.* 'For truly thou hast power in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis.'

47 *per accidens.* Incidentally. Mephistophilis means that not Faustus himself but the words that he used caused the demon to appear. *Per accidens* is another 'tag' from the logic of the schools.

48 **rack.** Torture, i.e., by turning it into anagrams.

61 **confounds hell in Elysium.** Makes no distinction between Hell and Heaven.

62 **ghost.** Spirit. Faustus probably means that he believes neither in Heaven nor in Hell, thus sharing the disbelief in individual immortality which Averroes and other 'old philosophers' held.

78 **Why, this is hell ...** As far as the thought of these lines is concerned, this might be a passage from *Paradise Lost*, from which several parallel passages might be quoted.

85 **passionate.** Agitated.

107 **thorough.** Through. Cp. 'No thoroughfare' ('No through-going').

109 **bind.** Limit, bound. It can scarcely mean 'surround,' unless we could substitute 'Mediterranean' for 'Afric.'

110 **make . . . continent to.** Connect Africa and Spain by land.

115 **speculation.** Meditation and study.

SCENE IV

2 **swowns.** A variant of 'zounds,' a pious avoidance of the oath in its complete form, 'God's wounds.'

3 **pickadevaunts.** Fr. *pic à devant*, pointed beard, such as was the fashion in the 16th and 17th centuries.

8 **out of service.** Out of work.

16 ***Qui mihi discipulus.*** The first words of an Elizabethan students' song by W. Lily. It means 'Thou who art my disciple.' The words 'beaten silk and staves-acre' suggest that Wagner beats time on the back of the Clown.

18 **staves-acre.** A herb used for destroying vermin, but it may be a corruption of 'stauracin,' the name of a superior kind of cloth which has gone out of use, and which Wagner mentions along with 'beaten silk' to show his own superiority to the Clown.

19 **knaves-acre.** The old name of Poultney Street, formerly a poor neighbourhood.

28 **familiars.** Demon attendants.

34 **guilders.** Dutch florins. The Clown is to take them as a guarantee of employment, i.e., as 'earnest money.'

35 **Gridirons.** An intentional malapropism.

37 **Mass.** By the Mass. **French crowns.** A French crown was worth six shillings in Elizabethan money, say £4 now.

38 **counters.** Coins.

48 **Baliol and Belcher.** Wagner probably invents the names on the spur of the moment, to frighten the Clown.

53 **round slop.** The loose, short breeches which Elizabethan clowns and rustics wore.

75 **diametarily.** Diametrically.

75, 76 *quasi vestigias nostras insistere.* Bad Latin for 'as if following in our footsteps.'

77 **fustian.** Poor, cheap cloth; hence 'rubbish.'

SCENE V

14 **lukewarm blood of new-born babes.** This was one of the alleged practices of witches and sorcerers. Cp. *Macbeth.*

23 **signiory of Emden.** The well-known town in East Friesland (West Prussia). It was a wealthy city in Marlowe's and Faustus's times; hence, Faustus desires to possess it.

42 *Solamen...doloris.* 'It is a consolation to the unhappy to have companions in unhappiness.' The saying, whose origin is unknown, occurs repeatedly in Elizabethan literature.

54 **proper.** Own.

65 **bill.** Deed. A general word, however, for 'document.'

70 **set it on.** Put it on the brazier to prevent it from congealing.

74 *Consummatum est.* 'It is finished.' An impious application of the words of the Gospel according to St John, xix, 30.

83 **this show.** Cp. the 'show of eight kings' summoned by the witches in Act IV, Sc. i, of *Macbeth.*

100 **[he desires]**. These words are taken from a later edition of the *Faustbuch*: they appear in none of the Quartos of the play.

103 **these presents.** A legal phrase used in reference to the deed, etc., in which they occur.

117 **Within the bowels,** etc. Another anticipation of Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

131 **fond.** Foolish. (An example of elevation of meaning.)

133 **old wives' tales.** A favourite Elizabethan phrase. Cp. Peele's comedy, *The Old Wives' Tale* (*c.* 1594).

154 **Penelope.** Despite the absence of her husband Ulysses for twenty years and the coming of numerous suitors, Penelope remained faithful to him. (The *Odyssey.*)

155 **Saba.** The Queen of Sheba.

SCENE VI

27 **Alexander's love.** Alexander was another name of Priam's son Paris.

Oenon's death. Paris jilted Oenone, who afterwards in revenge refused to tend him at the siege of Troy, with the result that Paris died of his wounds and Oenone of remorse.

28 **he, that built the walls of Thebes.** Amphion, who, by the music of his lyre, moved into their places rocks twice as heavy as those which his brother, unaided, was shifting. Like the legends of Orpheus, Poseidon and Apollo, etc., the one referred to here is symbolical of the power of harmony.

37 **this centric earth.** According to the pre-Copernican or Ptolemaic system of astronomy, the earth was the centre of the universe.

38 **the spheres.** The nine spheres by which the Ptolemaists imagined the earth to be surrounded. (The whole of the discussion is on the lines of the old scholastic system of astronomy, based on the theories of Aristotle, Plato and Ptolemy.)

42 **terminine.** Terminus.

45 *situ et tempore.* In regard both to place and time of revolution.

58 **freshmen's suppositions.** Elementary knowledge suitable only for university students in their first year.

59 *intelligentia.* Plato and Aristotle suggested that the heavenly bodies were gods, or that they were animated by governing intelligences.

63 **the empyreal heaven.** The highest heavenly regions, supposed to be made up of fire.

65 **conjunctions, oppositions, aspects.** Technical terms for the relative positions of the heavenly bodies. Still used by astrologists.

67 *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.* 'Because of their unequal motion with respect to the universe.'

72 **Move me not.** Urge me not further.

105 **the Seven Deadly Sins.** They do not appear in the *Faustbuch.* (See note under *Dramatis personæ.*)

116 **Ovid's flea.** The subject of the *Carmen de pulice*, or *Song of the Flea*. It was not by Ovid but by some mediaeval writer.

117 **periwig.** A small wig. The word is an anglicization of Fr. *perruque*. The wig began to be fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth.

132 **shall be.** Is probably. An Elizabethan use of the future corresponding to the modern French use of the conditional.

144 **bevers.** A morning 'snack.' (O.F. *bevre*, to drink. Cp. 'beverage.')

148 **Peter Pickle-herring.** One of the alliterative jingles beloved of our forefathers; similarly with the two names which follow.

Martin Martlemas-beef. November 11th, the Feast of St Martin, was the usual time for hanging up salted beef for winter consumption.

151 **March-beer.** Nares says that this was a superior kind of beer brewed in March and kept for two years before it was used.

177 **chary.** Carefully. (Adjective for adverb.)

CHORUS

4 **Olympus' top.** The abode of the gods in Greek mythology; and therefore of Jove or Zeus. It is in Thessaly.

6 **yoky.** Yoked, harnessed.

7 **to prove cosmography.** To study geography, or geographical mensuration.

10 **holy Peter's feast.** On June 29th.

SCENE VII

2 **Trier.** Usually called Trèves.

11 **straight forth.** Perfectly straight.

12 **equivalents.** Equal parts.

13 **Maro's.** Virgil's name in full was 'Publius Vergilius Maro.' His tomb at Naples was long venerated almost as a shrine, and the belief grew up that he was a magician, powerful enough to perform the feat mentioned in the next two lines.

17 **a sumptuous temple.** According to the English translation of the *Faustbuch* this would be St Mark's at Venice.

36 **Ponte Angelo.** The Aelian bridge of Hadrian acquired the name of 'Ponte Angelo' in the 11th century. The castle of St Angelo, famous for many historic scenes, adjoins it.

39 **double cannons.** Probably 'double-barrelled.'

41 **pyramides.** The word is used in Marlowe's source, but it is probably an obelisk—not a pyramid—that is meant.

42 **Africa.** About 353 A.D. Constantius brought an obelisk from the Egyptian Thebes. There is no authority for attributing the transport of a pyramid to Julius Caesar.

44, 45 **Styx, Acheron,** and **Pyriphlegethon,** here shortened to Phlegethon, were the rivers of Hades. In true Renascence style, Faustus identifies the heathen with the Christian supernatural world. Cp. lines 3 and 4 of the preceding Chorus.

52 *summum bonum.* Highest idea of bliss.

Stage-direction. **Sound a Sonnet.** A variant of 'sennet'—the usual spelling—meaning a flourish of trumpets.

77 **a pardon.** An indulgence, to release him from Purgatory. It will be remembered that the sale of indulgences was one of the chief causes of the Reformation, being the subject of one of Luther's famous theses.

83 **Aware.** Beware of.

86, 87 **with bell, book, and candle.** That is, exorcised or excommunicated; the solemn Roman form includes the tolling of the bell, the ceremonial use of the book of offices, and the extinguishing of three candles. Cp. Shakespeare, in *King John,* III, iii, 12, 13·

> Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
> When gold and silver becks me to come on.

Stage-direction. **Dirge.** It is really an excommunication, not a funeral service, the 'dirge' being a part of the latter.

CHORUS

14 **Carolus the Fifth.** Charles V, Emperor.

16 **in trial of his art.** To show or test his magic powers.

SCENE VIII

11 **roaring.** Violent.

21 **ippocras.** Spiced wine, used as a medicine. Derived from 'Hippocras,' an abbreviation of 'Hippocrates,' the most famous of the ancient physicians, who was born in the island of Cos, 460 B.C., and died at Larissa, in Thessaly, about 357 B.C. The strainer used by apothecaries in preparing such drinks as the one here referred to was often called 'Hippocrates' sleeve.'

27 **horse-bread.** Bread specially made for feeding horses.

SCENE IX

(A scene is evidently missing between this scene and the one preceding.)

2 *Ecce, signum.* 'Behold, a sign!' or 'Here's proof.'

3 **a simple purchase.** Something cheap, or a simple means of getting things cheaply.

5 **Vintner.** Publican.

6 **gull.** Cheat.

7 **Drawer.** Barman. (Probably a mistake for 'Vintner.')

17, 18 **to burden . . . truth.** I.e., to search them is an affront to their honesty. **t' one.** The one, or simply 'one.'

22 **scour.** Slang for 'chastise.'

27 *Sanctobulorum*, etc. Robin has got hold of the book of magic, and is reading from it, or pretending to do so. (See line 2 of this scene.)

31 *nomine Domine.* The publican's bad Latin for *nomine Domini* or *nomen Domini.*

SCENE X

2 Note the old-style modes of address: the Emperor uses the 2nd person singular in speaking to Faustus, but the latter addresses the Emperor in the 2nd person plural.

15 **nothing answerable to.** Not at all suitable to.

30 **of the world's pre-eminence.** Among the world's famous men.

33 **As.** So that. **motion.** Mention. The nearest meaning to this now is 'a statement or proposal to be voted on.'

35 **cunning.** Knowledge.

38 **paramour.** I.e., Roxane; see note on p. 48.

53 **lively.** In a life-like manner.

62 **Diana.** The goddess turned Actaeon into a stag because of his unwelcome pursuit of her. He was torn to pieces by dogs.

65 **he left the horns.** A deceived husband was supposed to be marked by horns growing from his forehead.

83 **good.** My good friend.

84 **crossed me.** Interrupted me.

SCENE XI

Stage-direction. **Enter a Horse-courser.** Horse-dealer. For a horse-dealer to meet a magician was a case of Greek meeting Greek: they would both cheat.

11 **Fustian.** Rubbish. A malapropism for 'Faustus.'

25 **at any hand.** On any account.

30 **made man.** Our modern phrase is 'a made man.'

32 **hey-ding-ding.** A common refrain in Elizabethan songs. It is not clear what the horse-dealer means.

33 **slick.** Smooth, sleek. 'Slick' now means 'agile.'

42 **Confound.** Destroy.

43 **call.** Equivalent to 'save.'

44 **conceit.** Imagination, mind.

46 **Lopus.** I.e., Dr Lopez, Queen Elizabeth's Spanish doctor who was hanged in 1594 for plotting to kill the Queen. The reference was probably added after Marlowe's death.

51 **known of.** An old expression for 'aware of.'

54 **bottle.** Truss. (Old French *botel.*)

57 **snipper-snapper.** A variant of 'whippersnapper'; a contemptuous word for 'fellow.'

58 **heypass.** Juggler. Cp. 'hey-presto,' still used.

64 **glass windows.** A luxury in those days.

83 **ostry.** An old form of 'hostelry,' inn.

SCENE XII

35 **rest beholding.** (I) will remain beholden, or obliged.

SCENE XIII

Here follows in the 1616 Quarto an almost indispensable stage-direction for this scene: 'Thunder and lightning. Enter Devils with covered dishes. Mephistophilis leads them into Faustus' study; then enter Wagner.'

11 **with ourselves.** Among one another.

22 **No otherways for.** In no way inferior as regards. . . .

23 **Sir Paris.** North adopts anachronistic expressions such as 'gentleman usher' in his translation of Plutarch's *Lives*; it was customary to give such incongruous titles as 'Sir' to classical personages. It was also the practice in the Middle Ages.

24 **Dardania.** Troy. Paris not only carried off Menelaus's wife, Helen, but other spoil, as the *Iliad* relates.

75 **thy drift.** Thy tendency to repent.

76 **age.** Old man. A form of synecdoche, abstract being used for concrete.

92 **topless.** So high that their tops were invisible.

102 **Achilles.** The *Iliad* tells us that Achilles was wounded in the right arm. The fatal arrow-wound inflicted on Achilles by Paris belongs to other versions of the siege of Troy.

107 **hapless.** Unlucky. Semele prayed Zeus to appear to her in all his glory. He appeared in the midst of flames, in which Semele was consumed.

108 **the monarch of the sky,** etc. This myth is unknown. It may be a poetic invention of Marlowe's, intended to symbolize the sun mirrored upon blue water, such as that of the Mediterranean.

114 **sift me with his pride.** Tempt me with magnificent displays of his power.

115 **this furnace.** The old man compares his situation to that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

SCENE XIV

3 **chamber-fellow.** Student sharing the same room.

71 **Fair Nature's eye.** The sun.

75 *O lente ... equi.* 'Run slowly, slowly, ye nocturnal steeds.' An exquisitely apt use of some words from Ovid (*Amores* i, 13, 40). In ancient mythology Night was represented as a goddess passing over the firmament in a chariot drawn by horses (Helios, the sun-god, being similarly imagined as passing over it during the day). Faustus, in his agony, calls upon the steeds of night to advance as slowly as possible, so as to delay the approach of midnight,—his hour of fate.

91 **influence.** Marlowe uses the word in its old astrological sense as denoting the power of the planets according to their relative positions at one's birth. Milton prettily applies the word in another setting, but still with its astrological meaning in view, when he speaks of l'Allegro's delight in watching tournaments:

> With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain influence and judge the prize.

104 **limited.** Assigned as a limit. (An example of pleonasm.)

107–108 The lines themselves explain what the teaching of Pythagoras was. Like many other philosophers, he was reputed a magician in the Middle Ages. He was born in Samos, about 600 B.C.

111 **dissolv'd in elements.** I.e., with their bodies.

123 **I'll burn my books.** Similarly, Prospero in *The Tempest*, but in happier circumstances, decides to dispose of his library of magical works, by 'drowning' them.

CHORUS

2 **Apollo's laurel-bough.** The laurel was the symbol, and Apollo the god, of poetry.—These lines are often applied to Marlowe himself.

6 **Only to wonder at.** I.e., without attempting to practise them.

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